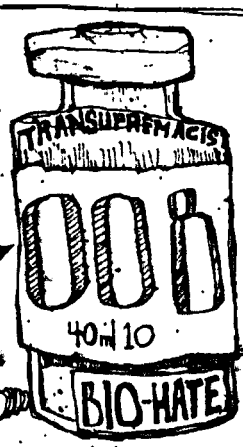
http://trannyPunk.com

stayunderthesink@gmail.com

SEX & DRUGS & VIOLENCE & HATE & HOSPITALS

NEGATIVITY, TRIGGERS, HISSY FITS, OFFENSIVENESS

CONTRARY DIRT. & BLEAK.



TsPx

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THE DIRGE LIKE BALLAD OF Sybil Lamb

How to Kill Queer Scum.

The True storey of a 33 year old woman getting tr*ns- bashed to near death with an iron pipe.

TsPx008

Published and distributed by Sybil Lamb

For Tr*nnypunk and the Trans-supremacists Underground

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http://trannypunk.com

Hate filled painful triggered screaming and wailing since 2003 !!

FREE ? But Tipping IS encouraged! ASS, GASS, OR GRASS:

YOU BEST NEVER EVER TR*NSITION, TR*NNY.

DETRANSITION !!! If you are one of the 1:12000 people born with GID, if your assigned gender is not your gender ID, if you are a fag who thinks dressing like a woman will get you more boyfriends, then you are crazy.

Your head is all fucked up and you are a social pariah. NEVER EVER TRANSITION. Becoming a tr@nny these days means committing yourself to years of being a gender mutant on the fringes of society. Alienation and discrimination and violence are your only possible rewards. Best case scenario you can get a job in porn. She-male yum dot com pays $500 for a 2 hour photo shoot. All tr*nnys get to do for the rest of their life is attend support groups and write volumes of tr@nny essays. Do you really want to spend

the rest of your life as a trans intellectual ?? I mean sometimes I get invited to do a workshop at a tr*nny conference but its been a while since that happened and people know I talk alot of nasty hateful shit and swear too much. I never got a free train ticket or motel room outta doing a tr4nny conference. Tr&nsexuality is fucking bullshit. Same goes for tr^ns guys, what the hell do they do all day ??! Work at free clinics and be computer programmers ?? Is that what you want ??? **NEVER EVER TRANSITION**!!! If you're already a walking ball of hormone imbalances and gory black market surgery **JUMP ON THE DETRANSITION BANDWAGON NOW before its too late !!!**

NEVER EVER TRANSITION
A NEAR COMPLETE LIST OF COMMON REASONS THAT TR*NNYS SUCK

AND THEY ARE EVIL MALICIOUS GENDER FAKERS TRYING TO TRICK YOU TOO.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS ! TR*NSEXUALITY IS FUCKING HORRIBLE ! never ever transition. I mean first off do you really identify as the other gender ?? do you even act more like or kinna physically resemble the other gender ?? such qualifications are highly subjective and arbitrary. If your a tr*nny or junior tr*nny cadet then you should know by now that gender, at least in the modern western understanding is actually about 8 factors including a lot of socialization and other peoples perceptions. Once again we are living in the eye of the hurricane of the 20th century western world. Now is a great time to be a Dyke or Fag. Or if your not that way you can be a Nelly boy or a Rosy the Riveter tough lady. Or if you really want to, what with all the punks and weirdos around there's people with face tattoos and 20 rings in their face working at the coffee shop. So it shouldn't be to big a deal for you to cut your tits off or get some installed or whatever. Similar like sexuality is biological and its near impossible to sufficiently brainwash someone out of being a queer. And penguins and dogs are queer so that's cool. Butch women and nelly boys is also just part of how society is way over genderpated and needs to stop telling kids which toys are appropriate. So to be perfectly clear and make complete sense : gays and lessies and bull daggers and swishy fops: all natural normal members of society. **Tr*nsexuality is some kind of government plot to sell EXPENSIVE penises and 'ginas !!!**

Obviously!!! 'Ginas on the open market average about $12000 and go up to ten times that. A new wang can set you back $80k to $100k. The 'ginas usually can be shallow or non lubricating, the dinks need calibrations with special equipment to get hard-ons. Both are nasty surgical procedures. If you go to some shady LGBT drop in clinic and all they do is push nasty hormone therapy on you then you're lucky to get off with just making yourself an emotionally unbalanced androgynous gender misfit hormone addict. Is that what you signed up to become when you were younger crying in the closet wearing your mothers moth-bally prom dress crying and fantasizing about a normal man holding you like a normal woman and crying ???!? Cuz what the fuck was all that about anyways ??? Why couldn't you have just been a fag ?? You would a got laid way more in the past decade. Fags have tons of sex and sometimes even form happy relationships. No buddy really wants to date a tr*nny. Sure tr*nnys sound like best of both worlds hot androgynous hook ups. But do not get to close !!!!! They whine all the time about getting messed with in bathrooms or hospitals or jails, you have to negotiate every time you touch them cuz your not allowed to touch them in a wrong or inappropriate way or they pitch a trigger fit.

Is that what you signed up to become when you were younger crying in the closet wearing your mothers moth-bally prom dress crying and fantasizing about a normal man holding you like a normal woman and crying ???!? Cuz what the fuck was all that about anyways ??? Why couldn't you have just been a fag ??

Like you have one kind of genitalia. You wish you had the other. So the genitalia you have aren't s'posed to be used like that style of genitalia usually is by non trans people, except in certain situations that have something to do with trust or if your partners gender don't make any sense either. Getting close to a tr*nny is raw triggered sensitive crying hell. They freak out and lie and get upset if people even notice that they're tr*nnys. There is no way to make them relaxed or comfortable. ever hear the statistic that %50 of tr*ns people attempt suicide at least once ?
As far as I can tell I only hear of a dozen or so successful tr*ns suicides any year. More like tr*nnys just wallow in shrieking crying depression all the fucking time. About 120 tr*nnys are murdered every year. In Amerika its mostly MTF street walkin' sexworkers in NYC and SF. the one thing as bad an idea as tr*nsexuality is overt sex work. If you gonna do sex work work over the internet or get a mutual aid looking out for each other thing like sex workers union oughta be.

How bout being a Shemale ?? That's pretty close to a tr*nnsexual but less all jittery in tears cuz she-males at least own their shit. Or remember Les, the stone butch blues guy ?? He's my fucking hero cuz stone butch was all about how freaking scary and upsetting tr*nnsexual life is and after forcing himself through 20 years of loneliness and workplace discrimination he called bullshit and ripped his beard out with tweezers and proclaimed him self neither yet both.

We gotta do what we gotta do. I've "identified" as tr*ns since i was 12 or 13, i showed signs of being a queer even before that, was a baby drag queen at 21, by the time i was 27 i was mutilated beyond repair to normal and addicted to estrogen that's cruelly extracted from horses kept pregnant to supply to tr*nny sociopaths sick obsessions. Now i have to stay on the stuff for life or I'll come down with thyroid failure or sumthin'. No wonder tr*nnys have a rough go in society.

I dunno about you but I try to be a shitty fake peer councilor to my tr*ns brothers and sisters. That's why I hang out with tr*nnys so much and keep maintaining my broken http://trannypunk.com website e-zine thing. I have a few hundred tr*ns friends and they are all complete utter damaged head cases. I been tr*nny-bashed at least 3 times and had lots of yelling fights. I see at least One Tr*nny friend a year stomp on the brakes and bail out and switch back to assigned gender. Its a pretty brave and heavy thing to do cuz if you detransition then you run the risk of looking like a flake weak quitter. Worse though is that people who really are so fucked up and crazy that they cant quit and have to stay in this no matter how awful it gets, well sometimes I envy a detransitioner. Sometimes I feel like I'm an idiot sick-o for putting myself through years of hell, mangling relationships with other people, getting awkwarded and even shunned for being a weird monster at the dinner table, and once again if only I'd just been a fag all these years I'd have boyfriends out my ass by now. Literally.

Me, I'm 33, my life ain't perfect, I have way bigger problems than being a mutant. But I totally fucking quit being a tr*nny. Tr*nnys are bullshit. OK my ID says I'm a woman named lily, I could never father a child, I cant grow facial hair, and I ain't about to drastically change my wardrobe. I'm still going through with finishing my SRS when I scrape together some cash. Just not to soon cuz i need to buy a truck and fix my house more than I need a functional kitty. Especially a functional kitty with a few months in bed recovering. I need a job and to work on getting a publishing deal for my art more than I need kitty. And i need regular sex and hookups with groovy people more than I need them to completely support my delusional compulsive GID crap. Sometimes I even like to dress up like a fag and fuck boys in the ass. Not like really often but for special occasions. I have to stay female cuz the world is shit and cant explain why otherwise I know so much about girl-stuff (sissy stuff ?) like knitting, sewing, baking cookies, playing with dolls, glittery kitty stickers, obsessing over riot grrl bands, and I just like cheap import store little girl underwear OK ??!? The underwear I'm wearing now are from Thailand (were they have pussys for only $6500 !!!) and its got little bunnies at the beach and it says *smart style good looking kitchen aid has a stainless steel filter that filters water economicly* so who ever made my 99 cents dollar store panties in Thailand just copied random English on to it off a kitchen aid filter machine of somesort. **THIS IS SOCIETY'S FAULT !! SOCIETY DID THIS TO ME !!!**

WTF??!? DON'T TURN OUT LIKE ME !! NEVER TRANSITION !!

hey, fuck of with the hate mail. i tough love you, ok ?
bein' a tr^nny is a crazy ride, you signed up to become weirder in an attempt to get more normal. some of us have a luckier time than others, Your mileage will vary. i dare you to tr@nsition and stick with it for as long as you can. there's plenty of company and it gets easier every year as we overwhelm the bio population. keep throwing away paint and plastic cuz pollution in the water is causing more gender abnormalities to be born every year. tr#nny critical mass is nigh. we will overwhelm the bios until we are majority, Tr*nnys are also two spirited magical warriors. anyone whose been through a few years of this obviously sends out some scary powerful energy. a tr^ns witch told me so. we are a funny people but we are legion. Go to the free clinic and sign up for our revolution today.

I only talk so much mean nasty shit cuz its a cruel world and I worry about you :)

I'm a shit disturbing liar. Tr*nsition as hard and loud and as violently as you can. *Its not in any way a good idea but I want to inflict as many of my kind upon the world as possible.* Tell your friends.

thank you for picking up a paper copy of Tr*nnypunk Zine !!
Visit the longer rant collection with really funny spelling and grammer Onling innernet !!

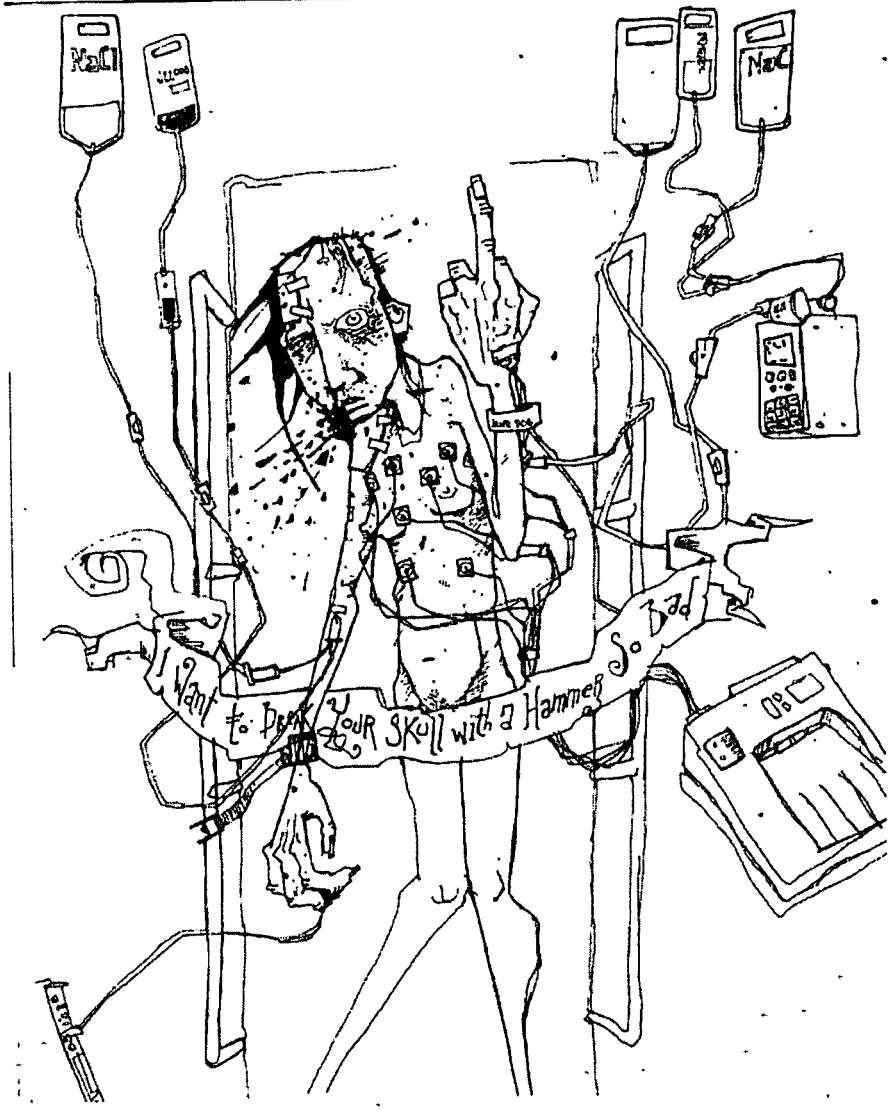
http://trannypunk.com

---Lily Bloodguts and Sybil Lamb winter 2008 califurnyeh.

How to Kill Queer Scum.

T r ! n n y P u n k

TsPx 008



The True storey of a 33 year old woman getting tr*ns- bashed to near death with an iron pipe.

trannypunk.com

Hey I'm the aging Tr*ns Punk lady who makes trannypunk.com, the worlds number one trans supremacist, Bio-people hate mongering, resource drop in center for tr*ns punks and assorted allies!!

This is me trying to not get thrown out of an all night diner and write a zine-journal thing about how to kill queers. As you may know queers are basically revolting wretched garbage people who are human trash and the kind of garbage people no one would ever miss. The fact that I'm sitting in a dinner with fag waiters in thew middle of SanFagsicco with fags and dykes of all age combinations walking arround holding hands in public might make that theory look discredited slightly. I've also been crashing with friends a lot and most of them are queers or trans people or both. Its as if there is a happy friendly community of them or something.

Killing a queer or tr!nny should be easy enuff to do tho. You hear about it in the paper a lot i think. and there's all kinds of great reasons to kill one of us, like "Tr!nny Panic Defense" !! Actually TPD is civil court hiccup, if passed in to law this bill written in tribute to the late Gwen A. Would make it defensible to beat someone to death with a frying pan in the event that a gender irregularity is discovered. Like if you found out your long time friend was not exactly the gender you thought they were you could solve the confusion by killing them and the judge might go easy on you. It would be great to have this civil court motion be a real law cuz it could also be interpreted that if your ambiguous gender is upsetting someone you could kill them and fix the problem.

This pamphlet was written as my mental detoxing after a few months of having a slow rough recovery that taxed my friends almost as bad as it taxed me.

See, six months ago someone beat me with a pipe until he split my skull open on the left forehead. Hospital put me back together over the next few months, I got no idea who that guy was, I cant even really say it was a trans-panic cuz I only vaugely remember him calling me something like "disgusting freak piece of shit".
I'm a funny looking kid. In a really androgynous way were people just aren't sure what the hell i am. And all that head trauma fucked me up a bit and my memory is bad and I get depressed or angry a lot. I black out in the middle of sentences, have bad mood swings. Don't worry about me cuz I'm in 5 different drop in center counseling/LGBTQ doctors/here-have-more-pamphlets groups and they send me to a new one each week.

This is supposed to be an important informational pamphlet on how to kill queers, tr!nnys, and especially Queer Tr!nnys (heya ! :). Remember; if you find yourself killing a fruit-freak sometime soon, please do your bestest to make sure you really kill them. Try removing the head from the body or at least disembowel them. Just cracking open a skull doesn't always work. Fuck up killing a queen and you'll just have angry tr*nnys walking around with mean looking face scars talking shit and writing a zine about how you are a little wimpy coward idiot piece of shit. What ever happened to you, killah !?!? Come back and finish the job you useless shit!! Were are you ? Sucking the piss that drips outta yer moma's nipples. Fuck you, I'll take your whole face off a piece at a time with a hammer if I ever get to meet you again. YOU'RE the piece of shit pussy-fag! You're fuckin dead.

Sorry, that was me having one of my "post-traumatic psychotic-episodes". I'm fine. This diner never gave me my coffee I ordered an hour ago.

Wires and Tubes

There's a box on the wall making a long ugly beep noise.
a very tired nurse in scrubs with pictures of kittens all over come up to yell in my face.
"*did you rip your IV out again ?? Why did you do that ??*"

Yeh, I did. I ripped out 2 IVs. One is just NaCl. The other is fucking Demerol. I been in a Demerol coma for 9 days.

I told the Nurse something like "*its no, I don't want that. I 'm OK, I'm gotta just I cant yet....*".

Thats not effective communicating. There was still a lot of coagulated blood sloshing about between my brain and the sclara membrane arround it. Either the blood clot hematoma or actual impact damage has screwed up my thinking awfully terrible. Thinking hurts bad enuff that I dont talk when people talk to me. It takes about two months before my hematoma drains out enuff for me to even be upset that someone tried to kill me.

Call me Sybil. This part of the story is the part where i break out of my restraints again and rip off my EKG and my IVs. Some one tried to kill me 2 weeks ago and I have a lot of coagulated blood saturating my brain. It makes it hard to communicate with the nurses cuz I seem to stutter, mumble, and when I try to talk I cant remember the right words. You have two speech centers in your brain called Werner and Brocha. One turns thought in to language, the other turns words in your head in to speech. They also work the other way turning speech in to understanding in to thought. If someone smashes an iron pipe in to this part of your brain, which is right next to your left ear, then those functions might get impaired, for months or more.

The hospital has been restraining me lately cuz I keep trying to rip off all the tubes and wires and then I pass out and wake up reconnected to them again. I woke up with a breathing tube once. I woke up with a plastic hose going down my throat and into my lungs, I think I just made myself pass back out that time. sometimes my friends come visit me. I'm glad they found me at the hospital somehow. I don't know who but somebuddy was sweet enuff to call all the hospitals when I was missing for days. My friends come to see me and I think they talk to me but I suck at talking and have a 10 second memory.

Nurse put my restraints back on and re hooked up all my wires and tubes. I don't care. I broke 2 gurneys already. I broke out of the gurney at least 5 times and every time, as soon as my feet touch the hospital floor, I pass right out and wake up 3 hours later with my tubes hooked back up. My hospital bill is almost 100 thousand dollars. When they rebuilt my skull they cut off a bunch of my hair and my left eye has been rolled back in to my skull since they installed my plastic forehead. I don't even remember 3 days naked in the emergency room, my friends told me. Some of my friends were real excited to point out that, holy shit, I have a non vaginal urine and sex part. I've been operating with the wrong genitalia for years but I don't like to talk about it much.

You see, I'm Sybil, and I'm "trans". That is shorthand for anybuddy who cant be classified as "physiologically"
fully male or female and they may be receiving some experimental 20th century medical therapy to try to fix them. In my case it means i have tits and the wrong kind of thingy, (like a peepee instead of a noo noo), I'm missing any kind of actual reproductive organs, and at age 30 I'm a high risk for slipping in to menopause. I'm also really androgynous looking, the government says I'm female but I had to petition for them to declare me so. When I bike down the street i get people calling me "come over here baby girl !!" on one block and "faggot" on the next. I been in woman's jail and men's jail and they both suck. I got friends who are fags, queens, amazon dyke punks, queer players, and a few straight normals.

Just a few bio.

I'm an artist and run a housing co-op and play bad guitar in a funny punk band and sometimes I work handyman jobs. I almost have a normal dating life, its a little hard when your neither of the main genders, people have hang ups about getting with someone who is neither and/or both male-female. I had a bunch of different girl and boy friends but they all been too brief. Like I said, I'm a wretched messy tr!nny, and dating is just the tip of the iceberg of people yelling shit at me, trying to kick me out of a gas station bathroom (that's only happened like 6 or 12 times in the last decade !!) and I get in a fight every year or so. Its probably my own fault, somebuddy calls me a fag or a queen and I get in their face, and I'm more high strung every year. People try to start shit with me often enough that I loose context and the result is 140 pounds of me screaming insults back at these big 200 plus pound asshole dudes. I'm crappy at fighting but I'm getting better with every altercation. I've been meaning to take a fight class but I'm poor and there's 100 more interesting things I'm procrastinating on, so I get good at fighting eventually. The way things have been lately I almost got to wipe my things to do list completely clean. But it seems like I might be immortal, perhaps. So we'll see.

My Bionic Powers

Number one is the new skull. Actually, its the %90 the same skull I've had for years but they removed my left forehead, cut it up to make parts for my left eye socket, and then gave me a triangle plastic thing that has all these screws in it arround my hair line. Also my maxillary or upper mandible or whats it called got kinda knocked out of place and I had to get a few broken teeth out but the bad teeth were half my own fault. I been kinda homeless and broke for years. I also work any part time gigs I can get and ran a non profit for a while and do a little tiny bit of sloppy LGBTQ peer counseling. Right now I'm blowing $7 on coffee and a chilly fries (and 8 hours rent on a table and chair inside a functional building) and then I'm gonna go sleep in a lot behind a tar factory. "Homeless and broke" is an even more complicated category than "Tr!nny". Kind of like "gay" might mean a yuppie or it might mean a big hairy buttless chaps anal avenger pig slut cowboy. Its strange times we live in. I'm a tr!nsexual street punk with 20 tattoos. I've been in 2 movies and 8 car accidents. Life is funny and people are complex.

Bionic power number two is that I got %90 of my vision back after a few months. the left eye cant read small print and there's purple clouds and sparkles everywhere these days. Sometimes I see imaginary people and animals and shadows sneaking up on me from the left but they vanish when I turn my head. I have bionic imaginary friend detector powers.

Bionic power number three is my left arm being useless but I got %70 of the use back after 6 months.

Bionic power number four is loosing my sense of smell and half my sense of taste. I now have the power to volunteer to clean a bowl of rotten meat out of the fridge. I can also stand in a kitchen with the stove pilot out and filling the room with petroleum and not notice in the least. It also has something to do with that I no longer get hungry or thirsty and sometimes forget to eat or drink water for days. I made a new fun game were I don't eat for 2 days and then I worry about nutrition and force myself to eat a giant chilly fries. Diner food also gives me a place to be, with electricity and people arround, for a few hours.

I got more bionic powers like that they sewed my face back on a little bit crooked, a big chunk of my scalp with hair attached just fell off a month after the incident, mood swings, bad memory, anxiety attacks kind of. I cant feel half my face. I had more bionic powers for a while but a lot of them have faded. I had the power of forgetting every buddys name, and the incredible power of being unable to operate a doorknob for few days. I'll explain my amazing peeing on the floor power in a minute.

There's No Place Like Home

I been living in a run down apartment building for the last 4 years. The plumbing and electric are fucked up and there's broken windows and rats and trash piles in the hallways. I'm the building superintendent !! The owner died 4 years ago so the tenants kind of took over. the government says I owe them dozens of thousands in tax and health department fines. I personally hung every door in the building and installed every toilet and electrical outlet so don't bug me about the slumminess. I did what I could. We likr it here cuz we don't pay rent but just collect a pay-wut-you-can house fund.

Misplacing the entire house fund was one of my first acts on returning. Somebuddy wanted to go to the hardware store so i gave him $900. I was way to sick and fucked up to do any danged accounting. I threw the house books, deed, and records on the floor of the lobby cuz my head hurt.

Between that and the passing out, mumbling and stuttering and slurring, and being unable to see, somehow this unspoken plan to demote me and anull all responsibilities happened. That was fine with me. It was probably funny watching me try to be a superintendent in my state. In 2 months of insisting on working, sick as I could be, I painted half a bathroom purple, built a brick wall in the middle of the porch for no reason, painted all the fuse boxes blue, and sometimes if I was tired I couldn't figure out my way arround my own building or operate doors. That is the reason I kept pissing all over the floor. I couldn't hold it and I couldnt find the damn toilet.

Spent 2 months being a fucking joke version of a super/ ghost of my former self. My speech was so garbled broken that people would give up on trying to understand me. Everybuddy told me they were glad I was OK and I should rest and they'd take over. Took about 2 months for everybuddy to completely re arrange the workshop, take all my art, tools and crap out of my studio, turn my studio in to somebuddys room, disperse all my stuff everywhere... and between people taking stuff out of my room and me being to fucked up to be able to find and pick up a screw driver out of my tool box my room was de-decorated trash by the start of month 2.

A 21 year old boy named Demo moved in to apartment C for a minute. Demo was crazy, drunk, kind of desperate short attention span freaking out all the time. When he was 18 they made him join the army or face jail for stealing a car. When he was 19 he'd seen way to much evil combat over there. At 19 and three quarters he got run through with a bayonet, his intestines popped out and he lay in the sand waiting to die but really distracted by the pain. Instead of dieing he got sewn back together and early discharge. At 21 he's a little sad and a lot crazy and tries to stay wasted to stay calm. I ran arround with him for a week getting drunk and then we'd wind up just sitting on the sidewalk downtown screaming at passers by and eachother. He'd get in this weird bad place were he'd kind of implode and start screaming at everything is shit and he hates everyone and everything. He liked me. I was real in to him but my left eye was still rolled up in to my busted skull and i passed out a lot and I was getting talking back but following conversations was still really hard. I couldn't really talk to him cuz it was way to much work. Besides, I already had a partner I was to sick to fuck properly. Demo would stalk me arround the house to tell me war stories and get me to drink with him, then he'd disappear for a day and reappear in the alley behind our building screaming nonsense and waking up neighbors.
"kitchens are a big fake pile of crap !! I'll burn down your fuck face you shit asshole !!!".
He disappeared but he was getting $500 a month from the army for the bayonet thing.

Pretty good severance pay for getting sentenced to the army. I just really felt like we clicked....

Hillbilly Wedding with Moonshine

My friend Yuri's hillbilly wedding was perfect. 100 punks of every kind whooping it up on the end of a long abandoned fire damaged pier at the end of the harbor were there's just sunk boat hulls and bums in bedrolls.kids with instruments and tattered formal wear. Yuri brought 3 gallons of the moonshine he makes, I walked Seya, the bride, up to the altar but i don't remember much. last thing I remember was me sneaking away cuz I was way to tired for the endless wedding party. Last thing I remember is me trying to bike back to our house with a flat tire, drunk on moonshine, barely able to keep the flat tire bike moving. The last thing I remember is some blurry man standing over me calling me names. I don't remember no iron pipe, I was screaming about an iron pipe when I entered the hospital but I don't remember that either. I do remember lying on a gurney trying to figure out how I wound up in a hospital with all the tubes and wires running in and out of me.

Hey! Maybe a car hit me or I tried to kill myself by putting my head in front of a train. doesn't explain the injury. I got smashed with a small object only on the left side of my head. All I know is I was ranting about a man smashing me up with a pipe for days. My memory has about 30 seconds of time for 9 days in a hospital.

I remember waking up in an abandoned warehouse in a pile of garbage. I think I knew the place, its just a warehouse by the train tracks were you can get on the roof,drink and watch trains build. I kinda remember me dragging myself through the train yard with bloody hair, eyes swelling up, dizzy falling a lot. I remember trying to get the fuck in to hiding before the guy came back. i remember all that for sure but i don't remember a man breaking my skull. well I do, but its all dream shadows. I remember giving up on my bike and my purse while crawling through the grass and gravel. I just wanted to hide and sleep.

The time between me disappearing from the wedding and getting wheeled in to emergency so they could strip me naked and leave me flopped out in a half comma, that was 3 and a half days. I remember how everyone found me now: I lay in a pile of garbage for 3 fucking days. every few hours i'd try to get up, and it would be agony and I'd slump back in the garbage pile. felt like 3 minutes but i remember lying in the garbage watching the sun appear, cross the sky, and go back down a few times. i was in an out of consciousness and I really thought I was at a hospital. "this hospital is all fucked up" I said to the garbage. the next thing I remember was levitating to a better hospital.

I didn't actually levitate to the next hospital. this is part of why I'm reluctant to trust my memory too much. what actually happened is I spent a long time trying to climb out a window with a fucked up arm and head and vision. When I thought I was flying I was actually this bloody bruise stumbling randomly through the neighborhood. I don't remember interacting with anybuddy. I dont remember me stumbling in to Eustace and M's house and them being "holy shit" at me covered in blood and garbage and crashing in to everything. i just slumped on the floor and garbled "I have come 3 by 7 blocks, they hit me with a pipe, our hands are rocks, we throw rocks at them..." I don't remember any of this but that's what M told me a month later. m brought me to the hospital I guess. Maybe I did fly there. Its all foggy.

I remember lieing in my very own private hospital room that I got cuz a friend was nice enuff to complain about them leaving me naked in emergency for 3 days. Same friend brought me ice cream and made fun of me for having an ugly broken vagina for days. Whatever dude, your a sickly nelly fag with a crack and crystal habit. Wanna be friends still ?

10

Everything else about the hospital was me throwing medical junk on the floor for no reason, my friends stealing things, and me trying to get to the toilet under my own power instead of just peeing in the jug. No buddy else had any good physiotherapy ideas. After 9 days of mostly being passed out they woke me up and told me they'd finished repairing my skull and I could go now. My sight was just blurry double vision with fuzzy blurry purple crap. I couldn't walk 1000feet without passing out. I just lay in a hospital room

with nurses telling me to leave. They didn't really throw me out untill a day later when a friend showed up and they insisted that he was now responsible for me and get the fuck rid of me. No follow ups, no explanation of how my head is doing or what I'm supposed to do next.

My friend stole a lot of gauze from them in retaliation.

You Assholes Really Suck at Killing Queer-Freaks

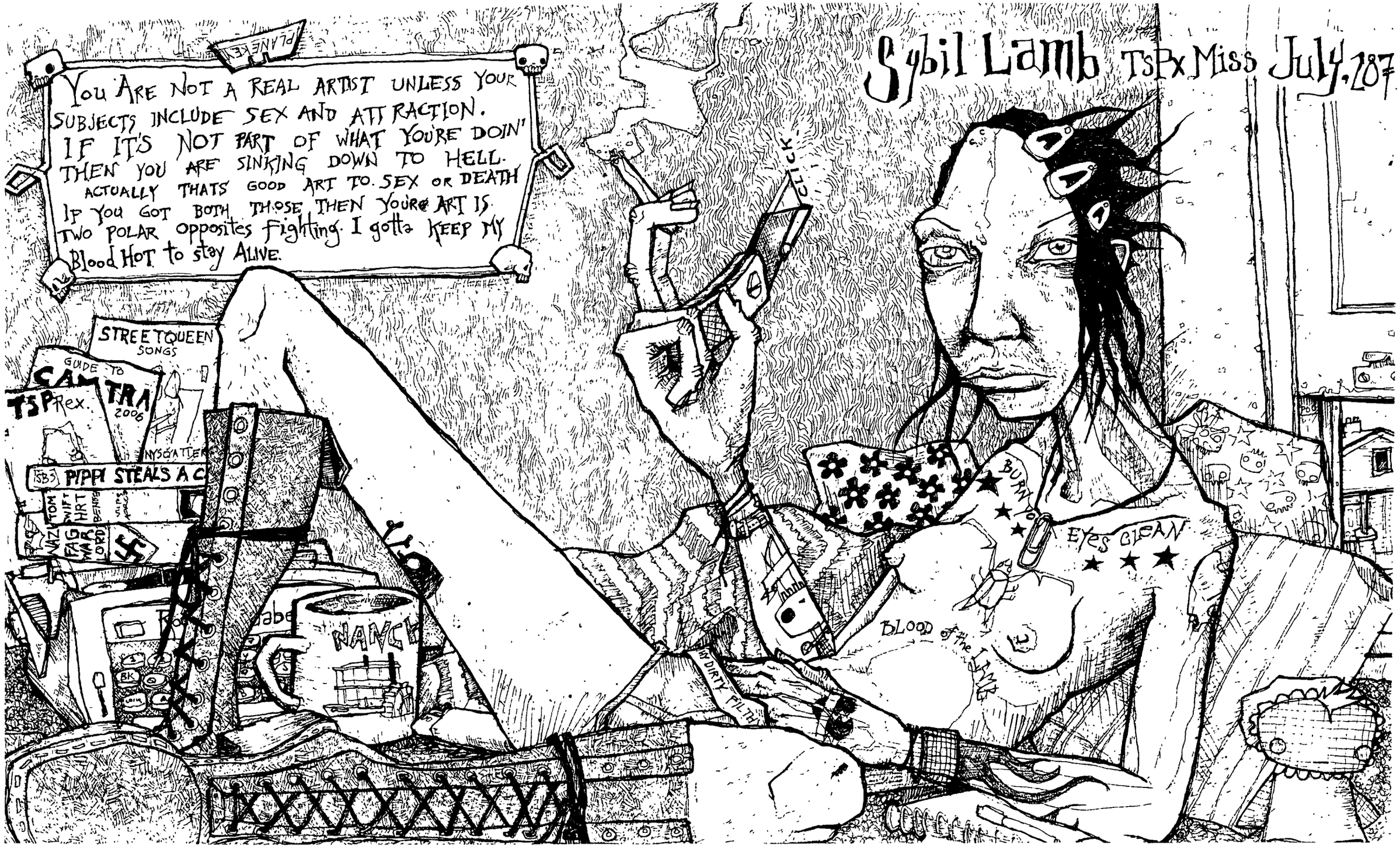
I'm still not sure if the iron pipe guy counts as a queer killer. I feel like I was more like getting tortured by a crazy crack head. Maybe I got beaten for being a weird punk kid who was one of the weird punk kids who stole an apartment building off a dead guy. It might have been a mugging but I only had $3 on me and I think I still had my purse when I was crawling through the train yard and just abandoned it myself. I think I remember getting called something like "fag freak" but my memory is broken and that seems after the fact of pipe man deciding to kill me cuz I'm going by real slow and drunk with a broken bike. I was yelling shit back at him. I'm not a great fighter but I'm an excellent shit talker. I hope I called him every nasty name ever before he finally turned my lights out.
Maybe my memory is crap and I got hit by a car with a pipe attached to it. I got hit by a car when i was 21. Got both sides of my head chewed up, concussion, cuts and bruises all over and a broken arm. My new injuries are the result of a small hard thing contacting my head in several spots close together. So perhaps its a car with lots of pipes attached to it maybe.

The last time I got beaten up for being a queer was when i was 24. Two jock party boyss called me and my friend Butterfield a couple of "*your ass is open faggot !!*"

Butterfield flipped them off and they ran arround the block and jumped us as we walked by. Butterfield got shoved in to a parked car and called a fag again. I got a 6 foot 3 guy crack me in the head a bunch of times until a bouncer from some bar ran over and chased him off. Broken teeth, concussion, dislocated jaw, two months of pudding.
Wait !!! Thats not the last time I got queer punched! They all blur together, it can be hard to remember them all in order. 4 or 5 years ago I'd been homeless for 9 months, and I was actually working for a foodbank giving out cans. We shared space with an old folks home that was so understaffed that the only reason I stole a bottle of morphine in the first place was cuz nobuddy is ever at the damn nurse station so they obviously dont care. Morphine is really bad for you and it numbs out your emotions. There's a whole 'nother story about me being depressed and on morphine and I threw a rock through my cousins window cuz I was lonely. long story. short version is the humongous roofer who lived next door comes outside and starts screaming at me, calls me an "**it**". As in he was hollering at his mates to "Throw this IT the fuck off our property" You don't call a gender non-normative person an "it". That's terrible etiquette.

So I told him, "*your a fucking IT you cock sucking faggot* !!"
He was like "*what!!??*"

So I called him a cocksucking fag again and started describing exactly how much he loves slurping cock. I do not understand the segment of the population who like getting blow jobs but would choose death over giving one. cocksucker rushed up at me then and pummeled my face a bit and I just jumped back up screaming dick sucking ass rim job shit lick faggy fag fag at him. There were 4 of my friends carrying me away by the limbs while I'm still screaming cocksucker at him with my nose blood mixing with my mouth blood. I had to stare at that cocksucker the next day while I had to replace a window but he didn't wanna


Sybil Lamb TSPx Miss July, 287
PLANEKEY
YOU ARE NOT A REAL ARTIST UNLESS YOUR SUBJECTS INCLUDE SEX AND ATTRACTION. IF IT'S NOT PART OF WHAT YOU'RE DOIN' THEN YOU ARE SINKING DOWN TO HELL. ACTUALLY THATS GOOD ART TO. SEX OR DEATH IF YOU GOT BOTH THOSE THEN YOUR ART IS TWO POLAR opposites fighting. I gotta KEEP MY Blood HOT to stay ALIVE.
STREETQUEEN SONGS
GUIDE TO CAMTRA 2006
TSP Rex.
NYSCATTER
PIPPI STEALS A C
TOM
WIFT
HRT
FAG
WAR
LORD
NANCY
CLICK
BURN YO
EYES CLEAN
BLOOD of the LIMB
MY DIRTY FILTH

chat with me no more.

That one only counts cuz it really marked the beginning of me loosing it at assholes calling me queertr!nnyfag. like no shit Sherlock but why you saying it mean ?? I had my nose bloodied a few times. Not often,but it happens. Honestly until recently fag bashing has been a complete non concern. until recently, car accidents, some relatively minor almost-drug -overdoses, and general clumsiness had taken way more out of me than any fight with the fagophobes. My friend Evell has pointed out that being an attempted closeted tr!nny and calling people "fag" every time they call me any of a variety of bad names is kind of horrible. For one thing it's bullshit to call people fags as an insult. For another I dont get to use the word fag since I'm not an actual fag. having tried to be a fag for a few years when I was younger does not count. Occasionally when I'm sleeping with a guy I pretend I'm a fag sometimes. really though I'm actually a pseudo woman who spent half her life as some kind of boy. Half the time I was being a boy I was a gay boy. Or trying to be. Hell I switched back and forth for years before
trying to stick with one. Now I'm technically a queer woman with an irregular classed 'gina.. I told most of my friends that I don't believe in gender or sexuality. Its all media lies !! I don't wanna talk about it !

I could start saying F!ggot kind of like I say Tr!nny. I'm apprehensive at the word Tr!nny even tho I've done print and online zines and stcikers and patches that say TrannyPunk for over a decade. Depends on who says it, and how.

Killing queers might be imaginary anyways.Tthe motivating forces for hate fear of queers is really complexly inexplicable. I remember little femmy boy me at age 20. First time I worked building maintenance. Neighbours called me fag-which, somebuddy spread some bullshit that they were worried about me touching children. Fuck you. Those children broke all the lights out on my old station wagon, threw rocks at me.

Ever been surrounded by 10 children throwing dirt at you and screaming **"WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF YOU FAGGOT WITCH !!!"** ? Cuz I done that so many times it ain't no thang.

Actually know what ? **I'm working on my shit** were I call people fag for calling me a fag. There was s'posed to be a theory about that which goes something like "if you cant ignore them away, and trying to explain that I'm not really a fag, I'm more like a queer woman who's only partially male kind of, and I like fags, at least the fags I'm friends with" that doesn't really work in practice in the field. Calling someone a fag for calling me a fag kind of works cuz they just called me fag or something close, so why cant I be a loud dumb idiot too? "Fag" obviously is something very horrible and ugly and scary to these people so calling them fags gives them their own shit right back. Especially having a "fag" call them a "fag". If that's not blowing out a few of their neurons then at least its something to think about.after the incident I was at the hardware store with my little punk ass family picking up a load of wood. After a month I was trying to help work but I was still half blind and sore I looked like shit and was practically half dressed with my shirt buttoned wrong and no socks. I was in bad shape and some dudes in the parking lot start laughing at me a yelling, "*What the fuck are you ?? are you wearing a fucking bra??*".

"Fuck you! You have a 40 bottle up your ass you jerk off, bitch! "says I.

They kinda shuffled about a bit looking confused "*hey what you say?*" says the twice my size guy.
"*I said I know you guys, you always at the gas station dumpster. i hear you suck dick for $10 !!*"
"*Hey, watch your mouth! Don't be starting shit*" says dude.

****

Bewildering and antagonising assholes, screaming the same shit they scream at me back at them was terribly fun.

The next time somebuddy called me a "*WTF is this fag shit*" when I was in a shore side parking lot in just cut offs and a bikini top.

I chased that guy a block down the street screaming "*yeh man, you the fag shit !! **you the faggiest shit in shit town***"
He was seriously screaming and running away from me. My face was still fucked up and my left eye rolled back so I looked like a crazy fuckin mess. I called the guy "*the fag shit*" and I'm sorry, it just all happened so fast he kind of started it, and I was really really happy to be chasing a fagophobe down the street as he screamed and ran away. I know I'm bad and wrong for this behavior. Maybe I could do a lot of gay dishes or something. I was dishwasher in a gay village delicatessen once a few years ago. I know the ropes.

THE MOON LOVES ALL HER CHILDREN !!!!

Its 6 am. I typed this for 8 hours trying to buy enuff coffee to not get kicked out of the all night diner.

Getting my skull broken was easy. I don't remember shit except some haze of pipe man. just like getting hit by a car or slicing yourself across the hand with a box knife, if its bad enuff it dont hurt. At least not for the first few minutes or even hours.And If your lucky enough to get really fucked up you might over load on pain so much that it looses its meaning. Kind of like when you drink a whole bottle of choklit syroppe and it stops tasting like anything but sugar after you drank down a pint. Going in to shock is your friend who cares about you so much it hurts.

OTHER ISSUES OF TR!NNY PUNK

that might actually exist maybe

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tr!nnypunk 009~ The story of running away from home cuz my misstress talked me in to it and then I slowly go insane and my misstress dumps me and I go to lots of shitty psychologists for poor people. Watch as I actually get declared brain damaged in the frontal lobe and thats about all the doctors do for me over dozens of hours in their waiting rooms
spoiler: - cheap-free psychological councilling is imaginary.

tr!nnypunk 007~ I hate dating and crushing on other tr!ns people. Because tr!nnys are usually kinda crazy and damaged. Oh I like sleeping with them, and also forming close tight very loving family unit affinity groups were we peer support. I love all that shit. Every time I crush on a tr!nny I wind up with a broken heart, an existential crisis about my own identity, or lying on the floor of a solitary confinemnet cell with a bloody face and my back all fucked up.

TsPx is short hand, Description, not a lable, for a growing mass of younge people numbering in the thousands across the entire planet..
TsPx zine is the collected Agsty writings and drawings of one woman whos been turning hurt feelings and frustrations in to art projects for a decade and a half.. She also does zines about non trans subjec But the trans ones sell better. And UNEMPLOYED
Pill Popping Scumbag

Visit my shitty unfinished web zine ~ trannypunk.com !!
Hundreds of broken links and non existent jpgs but its gets 2 or 3 hits a day for the last 4 years running !!!
Plus I wrote an article about the mythical $1800 vaginoplasty.
somewhere near that is an article about how to save up a few thousand for your stupid surgery fund when your homeless unemployed and crazy.
And there's cartoons too!

Does not have the same fire for literary fireworks n' stuff.

Trannypunk is mailed out randomly to zine distros and left in spots were tr*nnys and queers might find it.
6. **ALSO AVAILABLE ONLINE AT trannypunk.com.** Stuck in the internet like trapped in the fire exit

Zine is free. But tipping is encouraged.

Anticopywrite 2012 : reproduce in whole or part as much as you fucking can
writing a zine in 8 hours non stop is fun. Spending 10 hours fixing your spelling and lay out is not quite as fun.!!

EMOTIONAL SUPPORT
AND INSTRUCTIONS
FOR

SHOOTING YOURSELF

perhaps you want to die. but do you want to live ?

SELF DESTRUCTION AS MEANS TO FEEL OK
I FEEL LIKE I DONT BELONG IN THEIR WORLD

SO ONE OF US HAS GOT TO DIE

AND I DON'T CARE WHICH
and how to sheet yerself !!!

"this THING we have to do is how we stop being somthing wrong and become some differnt thing thats still wrong
H.R.T spells HURT.
if your like us and you want to be better then you have to H{U}RT"

~may-be K. spring 285

When i woke up that morning I walked in to her room to find that Mary Belle Kurtz set her house on fire.

She had sat next to her shelf where she kept her research and her writing notebooks and her diaries and lit them on fir.

Mary-Belle called me 3 times a day leaving weird messages untill I came over to her house. She'd been trying to shoot herself but she couldnt make herself do it. She wanted me to come sit with her and help her shoot herself... shoot myself at the same time. I was supposed to shoot myself on the fist and like always I had procrastinated until today, the 5th, so I was keen to get in on this. Mary-Belle was the one who taught me how to shoot myself in the first place back a year ago when we both switched to IMs. Since then tho she'd lost her nerve.

It was the 5th and we we're sitting on her bed with our works out, and a bottle of Everclear just for fun. Mary-Belle kept stalling and re-hitting the Everclear, so I had to keep matching her. She kept sitting there with her lil syringe of estradiol n castor oil about an inch from her thigh... just hovering ...

"Look at this, Lily... look I'm almost there but I cant make it one more inch... actually that inch isnt the problem.. its the inch and a half extra that comes after it... look at this shit !! I cant fucking do it !!! I CAN fucking do it but I cant ANYMORE... this is stupid this is stupid this is stupid...."

More drinking.

She was being contagious... I couldn't shoot myself with her ranting and flailing her arms above her head and pacing around the bed.She was freaking me out..

"Hey !" she hollered "lemme do you !! lets switch !!"
"Uh... no..." I didnt feel like it... she was fucking me up enuff.. "We can do that on the 15th.."
"Grummble..."

"Did I tell you what happened to me a month ago ?", I changed the supject. " I tried to make myself do it as fast as possible.Like fix, poke, done. No pause or hesitating.I figured it would be good to get used to fixing on the run, y'know?

.Well, I did it, and then right after I slapped the bandaid on I threw up and fainted.Then I went stumbling in to Pollys room and I started freaking out that I'd accidentally shot in to a vein and ODed on 'mones."

"You hadn't. Had you ?"

"No.I just thought I had cuz I bled alot.Polly was like *'If you actually mainlined your 'mones your thigh would bruise up to all hell. You just fainted. Don't fucking rush yourself.. Give yourself a minute before you shoot to steady your thoughts ,Breath and relax.'*

So now I do that. I sit for a minute and just relax before I shoot. Why shouldn't I?"

May-be just looked sour."But every fucking 15 days!! I cant do it and I know I used to be able to do it but now I cant!!"

"I know plenty of people who get that.Lots of kids just loose their nerve sometimes.I have friends who've been on mones for years or decades who get shot by their doctor cuz they cant shoot themselves."

"But I used to cut myself and others with knives and stuff! "

"Your still not telling me anything I haven't heard before.Look at me,, you got me all freaked out now and its been half an hour and I cant shoot myself either now..." I was considering taking a fucking lunch break but I felt I had to save face here somehows.
"I DONT WANNA DO THIS !! I ALREADY GOTTA WATCH WHAT I SAY AND WATCH HOW I ACT AND WATCH HOW I LOOK AND I GOTTA BE MORE GUARDED THAN I NATURALLY AM AND I GOTTA TAKE A BUNCH OF MEDICINE THAT I GOTTA BOTHER STUPID DOCTORS TO LET ME HAVE AND THEN PAY MY MONEY FOR AND THEN MAKE MYSELF TAKE AND THEN CHOKE DOWN THE SIDE EFFECTS. **THAT'S A WHOLE LOTTA FREAKY BULLSHIT I GOTTA RUN ARROUND DOIN To LOOK NORMAL."** She stopped yelling and just kinna slumpped in a chair.

"Hey... gerl?" May-be starred at the floor.She still had her syringe in her hand but now it was limp pointed at nuthing..." You need this.This is what fixes us.This is slowly making your body better and that makes your life easier and that makes you better.You know yer happier and comfier than you were a few years ago.You where born fucked up. Its not fair or unfair.Its just the bullshit you got delt and this is something that makes it a lil better..."

"Know why I cant do it anymore ?? !? "Her head snapped up and she looked like she had rage in her "Cuz of all the fuckin' people walkin' in here... The stupid kids I live with and thier fuckin' friends! My girlfriend.They always show up when im trying to take care of my shit.I accept that I cant ever be naked in my own fucking house but I cant let em see this either.I cant let them see this cuz it makes me broken to them.If they see me having to fix myself every two weeks its like I'm showing them how I'm broken and wrong and its just this that makes me look a lil bit normal.. It hurts to be like that but if I cant show it to people its because its real. If its real it must on some level be true."
I had no answer.
May-be wandered off in to the kitchen and didn't come back.I gave up on waiting for her and shot myself in the thigh, cleaned my stuff up, drank another shot of Everclear with juice, wondered where the fuck she was.

She wasn't in the kitchen, she'd bailed out the back door, she was just visible speed walking off in to the trees.I followed her from 500 feet behind at the same speed she was walking. I followed her through a brush lot, over the train

tracks, and then disappeared through the bushes along the river. When I got through the bushes she was 100 feet out in the river. In her clothes, up to her armpits.

By the time I'd taken my boots off she was wading back. We just stood there for ten minutes, me up to my ankles and her up to her knees.I sat on a rock and wished I'd brought cigarettes out here. "I wish I'd brought cigarettes out here", I said.
"Come on,lets sit on the pier. Wanna sit on the pier ? Lets sit on the pier."

Eventually I coaxed her out of the river and on to the pier. I tried to hug her but she shrunk away. "Please don't touch me.. I need you to stay back." she coldly requested.

We sat for about 30 minutes staring at the crappy city over the stupid river. Lots of empty falling down office buildings and broken factories and coal barges groaning by.

"I hate the people... the normal people.I hate my friends and the people I'm supposed to like.I hate my own girlfriend.Knowing them fucks with who I am and what I mean.I wish I was anyway but like this cuz I hate that I CANT RELATE TO NORMAL PEOPLE !!!"

I Just sat there.

"You know whats worse ?? They are nice sensitive edjumicated peoples. I hate that most. They should be real good friends of me but I cant let it be like that cuz of whats wrong with me. Some of them know.I dont know who knows or who knows what but some of them gotta know.I cant even drop it then cuz they'd be like *its ok.I understand !! I read gender werkbook and stone butch!! I understand !!* CUZ THEY DON'T ! they couldn't..... You can't know what its like to have to think about what you are and what you mean so fucking much and have lil normal boring reasonable nuthings come and rip holes in how you think you are. If its so esay to hurt how you think you are then there's something wrong with how you think you are, right ? I have to do all these lil things to trick myself in to forgetting whats wrong with me like being extra modest and taking my medicine. **I wish the normals would have to take medicine to be normal. They see the queer bullshit or the political bullshit or some stupid thing they think is a fucking community or a family and think its cute. Its not a community!!! I dont wanna be in a community just cuz everyone is broken like me. That's why I don't hang with queers and i don't hang with punks. You gotta do better than that to be my friend. The hurt don't make it special so much as it makes me hurt. I wish you could show normals the hurt. Know what H.R.T is? H.R.T. spells HURT.**
If you're like us and you want to be better then you have to HURT."

After she said that all the panic rage drained outta her and she changed gears immediately to melancholy. Discreetly smirking at her own joke.

"Look what I did.I fucked up my only good shoes. I'm tryin' not to be a dirty fucked up kid anymore and the trans ruined my nice shoes!"

"Actually its that your broken and crazy that you ruined yer shoes" I suggested."You just burned the trans for fuel"

"...Burned the trans for fuel.." she mused.

We squished back to to her house and she sat down in a kitchen chair and she shot herself easily having exhausted her inhibitory reflexes.
At somepoint her girlfriend came home and they fought about something or other.I think they were fighting about how much they fought.
I crashed on the couch .

10.
When I woke up the next morning i walked in to her room to find that Mary Belle Kurtz had set her house on fire.

She had sat next to her shelf where she kept her research and her writing notebooks and her diaries and lit them on fire.

I dumped my coffee on them. She was simultaniously emotionless and pissed. Stared at/through me.

"You aren't burning your fucking note books.What the fuck are you doing ?"

She just starred at me. "Fuck it..." she said after a minute "I can't be a normal person.I just act all wrong and get upset and I'm hard to relate to cuz I'm broken and they are fine so I'll just burn this whole fucking place down and then who gives a shit." She was knotting up the ripped up bedsheets around her wrists while lieing sideways on the bed.

I was sleepy. Honestly I was getting impatient. My best friend had been spiraling downward for weeks and just wallowed in the same bullshit endlessly. Its not like she was wrong. Everything she felt I felt just as often as she. I'm not on top of theese feelings. i'm as broken and crazy as her. the only difference is that i'm older than her by nine years. Nearly a decade extra to wear myself out on worrying and get bored of feeling terrible. I still have the dark pit of pointlessness under me and I'm dangled above it by a wiggling thread and bats fly at me and get in my hair all the time. So I'm in the same pit as her so I cant talk her out of anything. I'd be a liar and I just don't care anymore. **So i lit her curtains on fire.**

The lace curtains burned right up to the rod. They where made of some man made fabric and they dripped burning snots of liquid fire on to the floor and table. They made lil "fwooop !!" noises as the fire snots rained down.Brown smoke seeped up.

May-be lay all tangled up on the bed watching the fire. I sat next to her. We sat next to each other about half an inch apart just watching the fucking curtain burn. Snots fell on the table and set a newspaper and a note pad on fire. The chair under the window lit up and fire ate the foam out of the seat. Then the wood caught. There was a puddle of burning plastic on the floor and the lampshade was going up and so was a poster. We just sat together and watched.This is the first moment in days that felt sensible to me.. May-be looked calm. She radiated this vibe like she was in the eye f the storm. Like the storm was still there but nuthing was hurting her now. We watched the fire.

I turned to her "My back pack is in the kitchen.And I'm taking your notebooks. Is there anything else you want to get?"

Maybe looked at me with calm thoughts turning in her head "Lemme pack some stuff"

"You ever been in a building burning before ?"
"Once..."

"Well that cloud of black sooty smoke up on the ceiling.That is gonna drop on us in a second.Its just gonna hover for a bit and then crash down on us and then its gonna get dark. That's gonna fuck us up before the flames get anywhere near us."

May-be said "..... ok ....." and then spent way to much time picking up things around the room and throwing them in an absurdly large suitcase. The smoke overwhelmed us and we ran downstairs to the kitchen were she dawdled again for a minute throwing food out of the refrigerator and in to her fucking suitcase.Finally I dragged her out on the lawn.

We looked back at the house.Smoke was vomiting out of the bedroom window but the flames where still small. May-be wanted to leave right away before anybuddy got home.

A half block away she bummed my phone and called the fire department on her house.Then we kept walking toward Morteville and my house "I don't want to burn my house anymore.I hurt stuff enuff.I'm satisfied.I wanna still be able to come back from this if I decide I want to..." she reasoned.

"Technically, I burned yer house down."

"No.I did.You just meddled ." She shifted her heavy suitcase from one hand to the other.It was a stupid thing to carry 5 miles."Know why I have this suitcase ??"

"Tell me..."

"Cuz I'm not a dirty street kid anymore.I don't wear a backpack.I travel with a suitcase and buy train tickets instead of catching on the fly and I live in a house and have a job and a significant other.

I done made it, didn't I?"

TR*NNYS

FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION

ARE DEMON
PUNKS

TRANNYs are fuckin' bad ass evil vermin things.No shit.You have to drug yourself up, cut yourself up in the kind of ways that most people would categories as their most feared mutilations, re-brainwash yourself, deviously change your story for every different person you have to talk to, believe your own lies till they turn true, and walk around the world like you know yer right when even those who don't oppose you would prefer to believe your wrong. You will never meet a trans-peep who isn't at least sort of nuts.Only the strong and the crazy are gonna make it.
All trannys do some combination of several things to get by.

- Run in to opposition willfully ambivalent to any coming beat down
- Walk around all day with yer fists up
- Scurry in dark crevices like a rat
- Summon all the faux naivety your capable of and pretend everything is normal

- Get used to crying till its just part of yer day.
-Choke it down !! Stop thinking ! Stop feeling ! Stop carring and live !!!

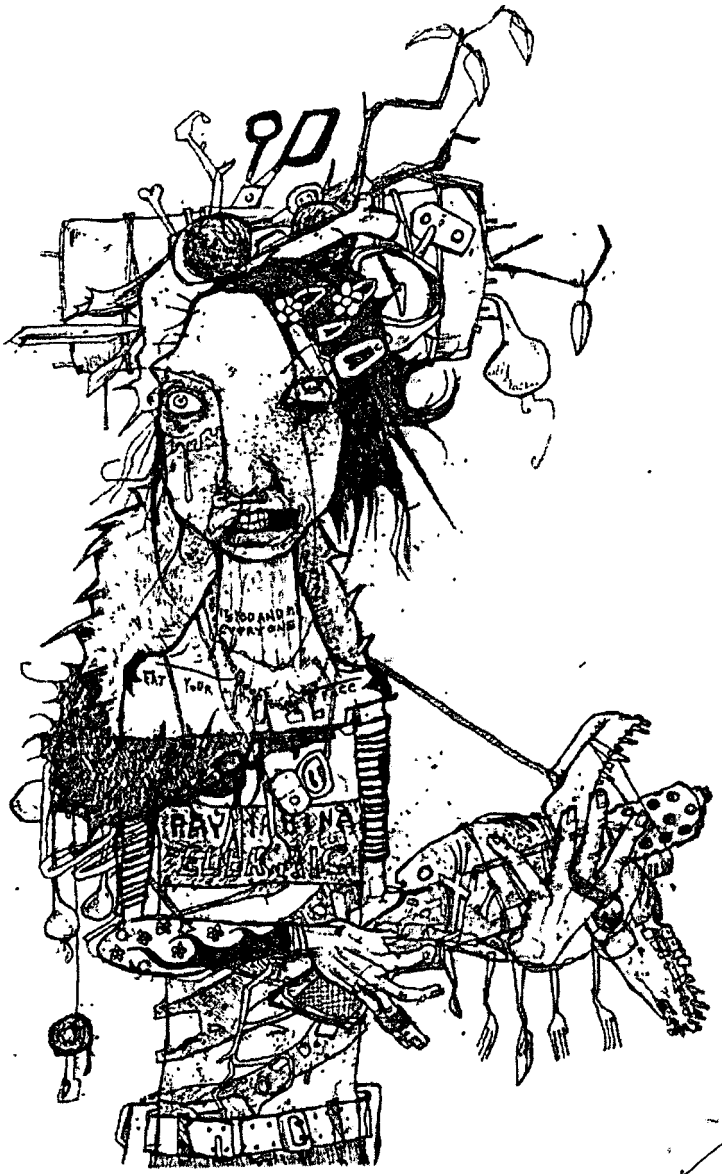
If a trans kid is clever and busy enuff, they will prolly do all theese things in a week and switch methods on the fly according to the situation.

PUNKs basically are just average kids who traded one kind of bullshit for another. Punks are mostly literalistic, going directly after whatever they want right at this time and place, instead of going through the proper channels and towing the line. Punk kids ditch the middle man of work and society and live these lower resolution lives. any punk kid will be familiar very much so with the above run off of methods of dealing with society opposition. Trans[exuality] is punk substituting genderidentity for socieconomic spheres. Like punk kids, the trans wash up from all levels and strata of society. For both it is necessary to have a certain removed way of thinking to explain what the fuck your doing to others and to yer own self. Both are accused of self destruction when they know that their behavior is what saves them and makes them live. Punks self destruct all the time just to go looking for the self in the meat of influence and to prove that nothing even "reason and survival" should bind their actions. Like punks, there are good and bad trans-peeps.There are ones who are involved intently in the super meaning of what they do and the ones who are just here cuz they are like this. There is a layers of resolution to how much they have to understand what they are to do what they do and punks and tr*nnys succeed and fail at all levels of depth of understanding themselves. There is the constant fight to prove you are legit. There is a look out for fakers. Some level of REAL society seeks to fetishize you. There are cliques and differences of opinion on who are the best most real clique. There are alliances and in-fights. There are uniforms and group assemblies. They have their own underground dissemination of information and literature. They keep an eye peeled for their own kind.

DaEMONs know the behavioral run down well. Demons are best characterized as like humans, but feral. Their Id reflexes are tempered at once by both superior cunning, and the knowledge of their own higher invulnerability to injury and opposition, a quality both tr*nnys and punks idolize and try to will in to their own make up. Demons are creatures who delight in pleasures, esp the sexual, and delight also in the subversion of any bounderies that might be placed on their pleasurable activities. Demons delight in perverting any macro order in to its opposite state. Demons destroy them selves and that around them, but with the secret knowledge that they will rise again from the waste they laid. Demons run amok over the human world, hiding their revolting unsettling nature,disguising and downplaying their true hideous forms, keeping their sick desires and horrible intentions secret.

Demons often slip in to human bodies, sometimes while the child is still in theier mothers womb. The demon hides inside the normal human,riding arround in the back of the brain sometimes for decades, willing the human to do things, destroying the weaker human will over time and taking control of the body for its own use. Other times, the demon will strike a deal with the human it inhabits, Demon will is much deeper and darker than human will, the demon offers the human the chance to taste this epic darkness, and to be protected in the belonging of something larger that the human. A chance for the human to give everything usefull in them to the demon and become a stronger creature with the power of everything it once feared.

THIS WAS WRITTEN years ago when I was young and sensitive (now I'm old and jaded). I am not talking about specific tr*ns peeoples or punks or demons. By "Demon" we are talking specifically about the *death metal and speed metal and doom metal* kind of demons. I allready disclaimered that a big chunk of each of those listed populations turn out to be self destructive parasite morons. But thats a given no matter who you deal with. Fuck off with the hurt feelings hate mail. Stop disagreeing with me or I'll ride my bike to your town and hit you.



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OR SEND ME SPARE CHANGE.

Sybil Lamb answers email at StayUnderTheSink@gmail.com

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Made possible by the little donations that our brothers and sisters kick in for our cause.
When not making Zines, Sybil just spends all day in bed making art. And avoiding responsibility. That's not a trans thing it's a punk thing but both are society;s fault.

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